

SCREAM!

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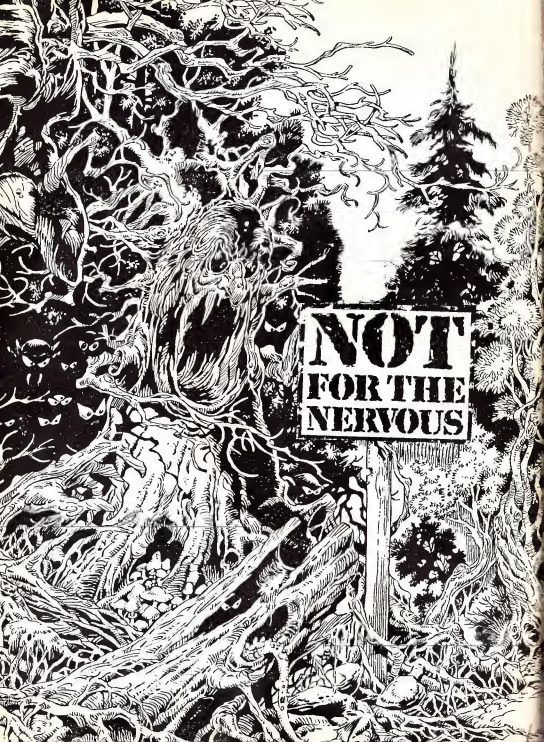
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SPINECHILLERS

**HOLIDAY
SPECIAL**



**PACKED WITH GHOSTLY
PICTURE-STORIES
AND FEATURES!**



**NOT
FOR THE
NERVOUS**

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WELCOME TO THE FIRST
OF MY SPINE-CHILLERS, HUMANS.
I AM *GHOUL*... AND I ENTERTAIN
YOU WITH THIS GHOSTLY STORY...
WHICH IS NOT FOR THE
NERVOUS!

Museum of TERROR

OUTSIDE THE
MUSEUM OF
TERROR...

Museum of TERROR

AND HERE
HE IS NOW...
THE YOUNG
MAN WHO HAS
VOLUNTEERED
TO SPEND A
WHOLE NIGHT
IN THE
MUSEUM!

HOW DO YOU FEEL, MARTIN?
ALL SET TO CLAIM THE THOUSAND
POUNDS PRIZE FOR THE FIRST
PERSON TO SURVIVE... I MEAN
SPEND A NIGHT
ALONE IN THE
MUSEUM?

SURE, THE...
OTHERS WHO TRIED
AND GAVE UP WERE
J-JUST CHICKEN!

MARTIN SUDDENLY FEELS
COLD, WAX EYES STARING
AT HIM!

GOOD
LUCK, WE'LL
BE BACK AT
EIGHT IN THE
MORNING

UNLESS,
OF COURSE,
YOU PRESS
THE PANIC
BUTTON FOR
US TO GET
YOU OUT
BEFORE
THEN.

I'VE GOT
TO SPEND THE
NIGHT ALONE
WITH THEM!

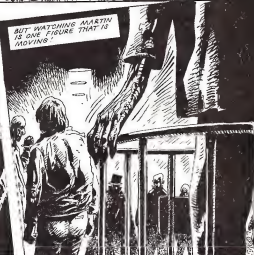
THIS IS
THE ROOM
YOU'LL BE
LOCKED INTO!
YOU'LL ONLY
HAVE THE WAX
FIGURES FOR
COMPANY.

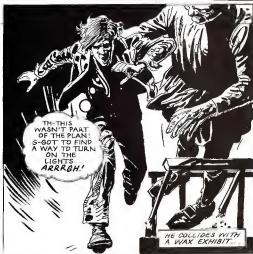
N-NO
PROBLEM.

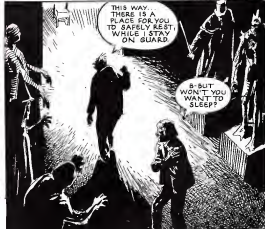
TERROR ROOM

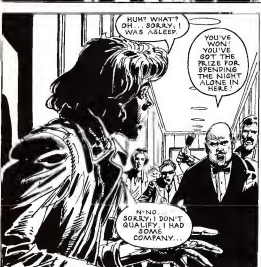
ENTER AT YOUR
OWN RISK

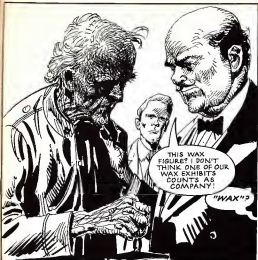
WH-WHY DID
I LET MYSELF GET
TALKED INTO THIS?











THE LOSER

MEET JOE TONKS, A MAN WITH A PERMANENT FROWN, A MAN FULL OF HATRED FOR OTHER HUMANS.



MR. TONKS, I'M TRULY SORRY, BUT YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING FAR TOO MUCH TIME OF WORK. AND WHEN YOU DO TURN UP YOU GET PRECIOUS LITTLE WORK DONE. I HAVE NO CHOICE, OTHER THAN TO DISMISS YOU!



I HATE THIS LOUSY JOB, ANYWAY—AND I HATE YOU!—I'M GLAD TO LEAVE!



JOE TONKS IS NOT A HAPPY MAN!

I JUST SO PROM- ONE DAY, I PAID JOBS TO ANOTHER. I'M A LOSER!

THAT'S TWO THIRD-JOB I'VE LOST THIS YEAR! I WAS TOO RUDE THEY SAID... NEVER MADE ANY EFFORT... PAH! WHY SHOULD I? WHO'S EVER DONE ANYTHING FOR ME?



HOW DARE YOU SAY I SHORT-CHANGED YOU, YOU LITTLE IMP?

ICE CREAM





THAT NIGHT, JOE TONKS HANGS AROUND THE
PARK ALLEY IN THE SEEDIER SIDE OF TOWN.

ALL I HAVE TO DO
IS WAIT FOR SOMEONE
RICH-LOOKING TO
COME ALONG... THEN
I WILL BE IN THE
MONEY... JUST LIKE
THE MYSTIC SAID!

EXCUSE ME, SIR—
COULD YOU DIRECT
ME TO FIFTH ROAD?

HUH? YOU WANT
TO KNOW WHERE
FIFTH ROAD IS?

YEAH, I KNOW WHERE
FIFTH ROAD IS... IT'S
THE MISERABLE DUMP
WHERE I'VE LIVED MOST
OF MY BETTER LIFE.

BUT WITH THE MONEY
I STEAL FROM YOU
PERHAPS I'LL BE
ABLE TO MOVE SOMEWHERE
BETTER... UMM... SORRY,
I HIT HIM TOO HARD...

I DID HIT HIM TOO HARD.
HE'S DEAD! (I DIDN'T
MEAN TO... BUT AT
LEAST NOBODY KNOWS
I DID IT.)

HEY YOU!
FREEZE!

A COP? I'M DONE FOR
IF HE CATCHES ME!
I'LL BE JAILED FOR
MURDER!

OH, NO! I'VE DROPPED
THE WALLET! AND
THAT PHONEY MYSTIC
SAID I'D BE RICH
BEYOND MY WILDEST
DREAMS WITHIN
24 HOURS!



C- CAN'T RUN FAST!
NEVER BOTHERED
EXERCISING!
G- GOT TO HIDE!



SHOW YOURSELF,
MAN! YOU'RE
ONLY MAKING
IT WORSE FOR
YOURSELF!

WORSE? I
KILLED A
MAN.
COULD BE
JAILED
FOR LIFE!



STOP!
STOP!

JOB TONKS RUNS ON UNTIL THE SWEAT
POURS DOWN HIS FOREHEAD AND
INTO HIS EYES. FIRST OF ALL
BLURRING HIS VISION... AND, AS IT
GETS WORSE, VIRTUALLY BLINDING
HIM.



STOP!
STOP!

N- NO WAY I'M
GOING TO STOP
AND G- GET
ARRESTED FOR
MURDER!



KNOWING MY
ROTTEN LUCK
I'LL END MY
LIFE IN A
PRISON CELL-
EATING BREAD
AND WATER...



LOOK OUT--!





Set in dark vaults beneath London Bridge Station, the London Dungeon presents some of the dark side of Britain's history. The exhibition is not for the nervous . . . but it is for everyone who likes a creepy atmosphere and wants to view items which are really spinechilling!



THE DRUIDS

The Druids were a mysterious priesthood who supervised human sacrifices of many kinds. They were so powerful that when the Romans invaded Britain, they made it one of their first tasks to try to eradicate the Druids. This photograph is from a scene at the London Dungeon.



SHELLPEOT

Ancient Scottish fishermen knew and greatly feared this sea demon, who was reputed to drag drowning seamen down to its underwater castle. Seamen were often thrown overboard, as human sacrifices, to try to appease this demon!



HERE'S A TRIP TOLD BY SILBERT BROWN, PROBABLY THE UGLIEST PERSON YOU'VE EVER MEET IN THE END HE GETS WHAT HE WANTS. BUT DOES IT MAKE HIM HAPPY?

"CHILDREN CAN BE CRAZY."

LOOK AT THE FACE ON THAT!

"YUK!" HE MUST'VE ESCAPED FROM THE CIRCUS!

"I AM ON MY WAY HOME, MINORING MY OWN BUSINESS AS USUAL, WHEN IT STARTS."

HEY, LOOK AT HIM! IT'S THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LABYRINTH!

YOU KIDS OUGHT TO MIND YOUR BUSINESS! I'D BRING SOME RESPECT INTO YOU IF I GOT HOLD OF YOU!

MISTER UGLY

"THEN THE GROWN-UPS JOIN IN?"

HEY, THIS UGLY GUY'S TRYIN' TO SCARE THESE KIDS!

I AM KNOCKED TO THE GROUND. THEY ALL GET UP BECAUSE I AM DIFFERENT TO THEM.



HE BOLDNESS IN A DREAM SWEET NOT WALKING THE STREETS SCARING LITTLE KIDS.

LOOK AT HIS FACE - IT'S NOT NATURAL!

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN TREATED LIKE THIS!



FROM WHEN I WAS A CHILD MYSELF BACK AT THE CYPHARAGE. I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PICKED ON BECAUSE I AM SO DIFFERENT TO EVERYBODY ELSE BECAUSE I AM SO UGLY!

YOU CAN'T PLAY WITH US, MONKEY MUG!

YEAH - BUT LEFT YOUR FACE!



AND OF COURSE I HAVE NEVER HAD A CHANCE AT ROMANCE?

ALTHOUGH I WAS VERY BRIGHT AND DEDICATED, WHENEVER I APPLIED FOR A JOB IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME.

WHERE YOU TAKING TO THE DANCE, BILLY? LET'S DANCE!

SH - I'M - OZ - SORRY, MR. BROWN, BUT ALTHOUGH YOUR QUALIFICATIONS ARE PERFECT - I JUST CAN'T EMPLOY YOU, YOUR C-PHOBIA THE OTHER PERSONS I'M HIRING OFFENSE MEANT...



BUT TONIGHT ALL THIS WILL CHANGE!

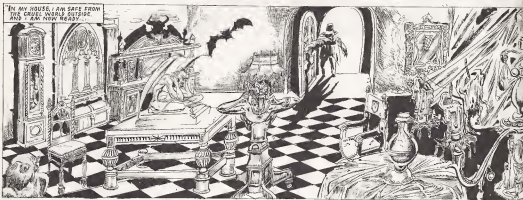
FREAK! FREAK! FREAK!

"CONTINUE TO
CRUISE KESU, SON."

UUUURGH!



"IN MY HOUSE, I AM SAFE FROM
THE CRUEL WORLD OUTSIDE
AND I AM NOW READY..."

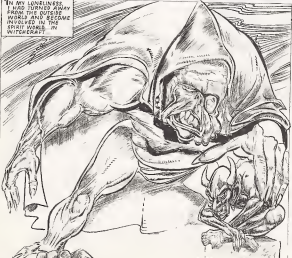


"READY FOR
WHAT HAS
TO BE DONE?"

THE EQUIPMENT
IS SET UP
EVERYTHING IS
IN PLACE"



"IN MY LONELINESS,
I HAD TURNED AWAY
FROM THE OUTSIDE
WORLD AND BECAME
INVOLVED IN THE
SPIRIT WORLD, IN
WITCHERY."



"I AM READY TO CALL UP THE DEVIL XARUTH-
WIND WILL GRANT MY WISH--TO BECOME
NORMIE LIKE OTHER MEN."



THE CLERICAL RITUAL
IS COMPLETED, I AM
NOW PERFECT

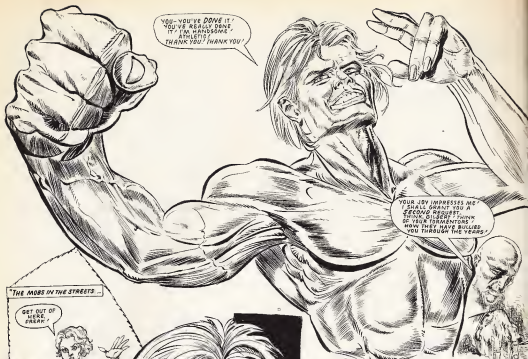
I SUMMON THE
MIGHTY
XARUTH!

A SHAPE FORMING
XARUTH APPEARS...

WHY HAVE YOU
SUMMONED ME,
MORTAL? SPEAK!

GRANT ME MY
REQUEST, XARUTH.
MAKE ME HANDSOME,
GIVE ME AN ATHLETIC
BODY AND GODS-
LOOKING FACE!

PATHETIC WRETCH
THOU DOST SPEAK
DO AS YOU DESIRE!
YOUR WISH IS
GRANTED



"THE MOBS IN THE STREETS -"

GET OUT OF HERE, FREAK!



"THE SNEERS, THE CRUEL COMMENTS!"



WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO - IN MY TOWN BACK TO THE BOX YOU ESCAPED FROM?



YOUR JOY IMPRESSES ME! I SHALL GRANT YOU A SECOND REQUEST. THINK, DILBERT - THINK AS YOUR FORMER TORSORS! NOW, THEY HAVE BULLED YOU THROUGH THE YEARS!

WHY NOT WISH FOR THEM ALL TO BECOME AS UGLY AND DEFORMED AS YOU ONCE WERE?



IMAGINE THE POWER OF ONE AS HANDSOME AS YOU IN A WORLD OF UGLY PEOPLE!

AFTER BEING AT MY NEW FORM IN THE MIRROR, HURRY UP! NO LONGER A PREY TO LAUGH AT THOSE WHO ARE!



ALL OF US - WE'RE UGLY! DEFORMED! REPULSIVE!



ALL OF US - UGLY! DEFORMED! REPULSIVE!

WHY DOES HE REMAIN NORMAL WHILE WE'VE BECOME ANOMALOUS?



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SPINECHILLERS

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AND FEATURES!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Take a look at our front cover picture, reproduced above. How would you behave if you were involved in a situation like the boy in the picture? There you were, taking a short cut home through an old Churchyard, when suddenly you see... the eerie, floating form of a ghost! What would happen next? Check what you would do in the list below, then see how many marks you would score, in the score box below right. Be brave... and read on! You can only tick one answer.

- ☐ 1. You give a loud, piercing scream and run away as fast as you can.
- ☐ 2. You faint.
- ☐ 3. You take a step forward and say "Good evening, Mister Ghost. Tell me all about the spirit world!"
- ☐ 4. You notice that maybe the ghost looks as scared as you do, so you yell at it... loudly... and see what happens.
- ☐ 5. You run to that old castle in the background and ask for help.
- ☐ 6. You offer the ghost a copy of Spinechillers Holiday Special to read.

HOW DID YOU SCORE?

If you ticked question 1, you score 0 points. You're a bit of a coward... but an honest one! A tick against question 2 also scored you a zero. Answer 3 means you're brave... if perhaps a bit too brave. You score 8 points. Answer 4 is a good idea. The ghost does look a little nervous. Score 10 points. Answer 5 isn't such a clever idea. Who knows what horrors might be living at the castle! Score 4 points. Question 6 is another good suggestion. While the ghost is reading, you can escape. Score 10 points as well!



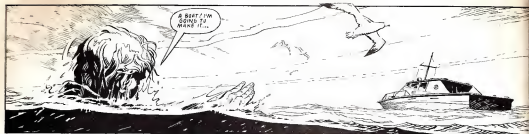
London Dungeon

LEPROSY

This terrible illness was rife in Britain during the Fourteenth Century and hospitals had difficulty dealing with the hundreds of patients. Sufferers had to wear masks to hide their deformities and carry bells or rattles to mark their coming. This striking scene at the London Dungeon illustrates the horror of the illness.

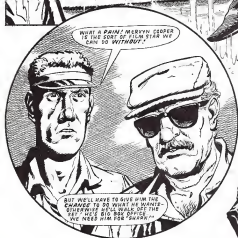






THE MAN IS SO BUSY PLUSHING HIS WAY THROUGH THE
CLEAR TROPICAL BLUE WATERS, IT APPEARS HE FAILS
TO SEE THE SINKING SHIP AHEAD.





AND SO...



RIGHT ON CUE, THE SINISTER SHARK APPEARS.



AND AS MERVYN COOPER REACHES THE BOAT...



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA



NEXT MOMENT...

SORRY I COULDN'T CONTACT YOU BEFORE CHIEF. MY COMMUNICATORS ON THE BUNKER ARE DOWN. SHARK'S NOT WORKING.



WHAT? YOU MEAN THAT WASN'T THE FINE SHARK?

REGARDLESS OF SUCCESS, THERE SHOULD NOT BE A "SHARK-11" MOVIE AT LEAST NOT ONE STARRING MERVYN COOPER.



GHOST HUNTERS

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?
BEFORE YOU DECIDE, READ
THIS STORY...

THE OFFICE OF HENRY HICKISH, PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR, AND HIS ASSISTANT WINSTON WEATHERBY...

AND SO, MR. HICKISH, THE COUNTRY MANOR I'VE INHERITED SEEMS TO BE HAUNTED? & BUT IS SUCH A THING POSSIBLE?

ABSOLUTELY, LADY PILKINGTON. AS PSYCHIC INVESTIGATORS WE COME INTO CONTACT WITH THE SUPERNATURAL EVERY DAY, ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MR. WEATHERBY?

YES, INDEED, MR. HICKISH.

HENRY HICKISH -
PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR

IN FACT I HAVE A THEORY ABOUT GHOSTS AND HAUNTINGS. I BELIEVE THAT IF A PERSON IS KILLED WHILE ENGAGED ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION...

...THE SPIRIT DOESN'T ALWAYS REALISE THAT IT IS DEAD AND WILL CARRY ON FUNCTIONING AS THOUGH IT WERE A LIVING HUMAN BEING, ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MR. WEATHERBY?

YES, INDEED, MR. HICKISH!

THE ONLY WAY TO EXORCISE THESE SORRY CREATURES IS TO MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND THAT THEY ARE DEAD AND MUST GO ON TO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

FASCINATING!

THE LEGEND BEHIND THE MANOR SAYS THAT THE PLACE IS HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF A CRAZY MILLIONAIRE... THE LAST PERSON TO LIVE THERE!

HE WAS INCREDIBLY MEAN AND OCCUPIED TWO ROOMS IN THE MANOR TO AVOID HIGH CLEANING BILLS...

LOVELY
LOVELY
MONEY!

BEFORE HE DIED HE HID HIS MONEY IN THE BUILDING. HE WAS TERRIFIED THAT SOMEBODY MIGHT WANT TO STEAL IT...

"HE WENT TO GREAT LENGTHS TO PROTECT HIS BELOVED MONEY..."

"HE ALSO WENT TO EXTREMES TO SAVE MONEY... HE NEVER WASHED HIS CLOTHES... HE NEVER WASHED HIMSELF... AND WHEN HE BROKE HIS GLASSES HE REFUSED TO PAY FOR NEW ONES..."

"AS A RESULT, ONE DAY HE TRIPPED DOWNSTAIRS. HE WAS A FRAIL OLD MAN AND THE FALL KILLED HIM..."

B-BUT, JASPER -
WE'RE YOUR
FRIENDS!

FRIENDS?
YOU'RE JUST
AFTER MY
MONEY!

"AND THE STORY GOES THAT HE STILL HAUNTS THE MANOR, TRYING TO GET RID OF PEOPLE WHO MIGHT STEAL HIS TREASURE. FOR EXAMPLE, AN ESTATE AGENT ONCE MADE A VISIT... BUT SOON LEFT!"

TRY AND STEAL MY
MONEY, WOULD YOU?

AARGH!
A G G
GHOST!

IT FITS MY THEORY PERFECTLY! THE MISER WAS KILLED CARRYING OUT THE URGENT TASK OF PROTECTING HIS MONEY AND TOO OBSESSIVELY SINGLE-MINDED TO REALISE HE HAS DIED, HIS SPIRIT CARRIES ON HIS EARTHLY CHORES TO THIS DAY! RIGHT, MR. WEATHERBY?

RIGHT, MR. HICKISH!

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS CONFRONT THE GHOSTLY MISER WITH THE TRUTH! THEN, LADY P IS FREE OF HIM! WE'LL STAY IN THE HOUSE OVERNIGHT AND WAIT FOR THE GHOST TO SHOW HIMSELF! OKAY, MR. WEATHERBY?

OKAY, M-MISTER HICKISH!

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, MR. WEATHERBY. I'M SURE THE GHOST IS HARMLESS ENOUGH... BUT THE PLACE DOES LOOK A BIT SPOOKY!

FROM THE INSIDE, IT LOOKS EVEN SPOOKIER!

THE OLD MISER WAS TOO MEAN TO HAVE ELECTRICITY INSTALLED HERE, SO IT'S GOING TO BE REALLY DARK. GOOD THING TOO! LIGHT SCARES GHOSTS OFF! CORRECT, MR. WEATHERBY?

C-C-CORRECT, MR. HICKISH!

AND LATER...

M-M-MR HICKISH... WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO IF THE GHOST SH-SHOWS ITSELF?

WELL DON'T FORGET MY THEORY, MR. WEATHERBY! THE GHOST DOESN'T YET KNOW THAT IT IS DEAD...

WE MUST CONVINCE THE POOR SPIRIT THAT HE IS DEAD AND THEN PERSUADE HIM TO MOVE ON TO THE SPIRIT WORLD! I DON'T SEE ANY DIFFICULTIES...

BANG! BOOM! BANG!

YAAARGH! W-W-WHAT THE-?

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU THIEVES! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME TREASURE- NEVER, D'YOU HEAR?

ER, AH-YOU M-MISUNDERSTAND, SIR...

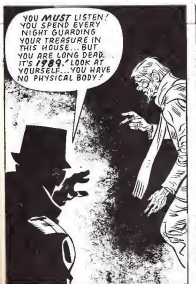
MISUNDERSTAND, DO I? C'MERE, YOU PAIR OF CRIMINALS!

RUN, MR. WEATHERBY- RUN!

JUST A MOMENT, MR. WEATHERBY! WHAT ARE WE RUNNING FOR-?

AFTER ALL, IT'S ONLY A GHOST... WE MUST GO BACK AND FIND HIM. RIGHT, MR. WEATHERBY?

R-R-RIGHT, MR. HICKISH... GULP!





HERE I AM AGAIN...
WRITING DOWN YET
ANOTHER SPOOKY STORY
TO...ER...ENTERTAIN
YOU...



HENRY BOTHERS BECAUSE HE
LOVES PAINTING - AND
ALWAYS HAS! THE FACT IS,
HOWEVER, HE SIMPLY ISN'T
MUCH GOOD AT IT.

THE MASCOT

THE HEAVY STORM LASHES DOWN MERCILESSLY ON A
DARK, MISERABLE NIGHT. THE STREETS AND ALLEYS
ARE EMPTY... EXCEPT FOR ONE MAN... ONE
OPRESSED AND FORLORN MAN TAKING A LATE
NIGHT STROLL TO HELP REST HIS MIND... ONE
HENRY HUGHES, WOULD-BE PAINTER.



I'LL NEVER BE A SUCCESSFUL
ARTIST... ALL I EVER ENCOUNTER
IS MISERABLE FAILURE AFTER
MISERABLE FAILURE. I DON'T
KNOW WHY I BOTHER...



IT - IT'S FROM THE MAGAZINE I
SENT A PICTURE TO. THEY SAY
THEY DON'T WANT TO PUBLISH
IT... NOR DO THEY WANT ME
TO EVER SEND THEM ANY MORE!



HOW MANY REJECTIONS DOES
IT TAKE TO MAKE YOU GIVE
UP THIS STUPID HOBBY, HENRY?

THE LEAST APPRECIATIVE OF ALL
IS HENRY'S WIFE, VERA.

WHY DON'T YOU STOP THAT STUPID
HOBBY AND GET A GOOD JOB,
HENRY? YOU'LL NEVER SELL A
PAINTING, AND WE NEED SOME
MONEY!

NOBODY
HAS ANY
FAITH
IN ME!

PEOPLE HAVE NEVER BEEN
VERY APPRECIATIVE OF
HENRY'S ARTISTIC EFFORTS...



NO, MR. HUGHES - OUR EXHIBITION
CENTRE WILL NOT PUT ON AN
EXHIBITION OF YOUR PAINTINGS -
THEY'RE DREADFUL! MY FIVE-
YEAR-OLD SON COULD DRAW
BETTER!

BIZARRE
CURIOS



I GUESS I'LL
NEVER BE
A SUCCESSFUL
ARTIST.

THAT LITTLE SHOP
OVER THERE - IT'S
OPEN! BUT IT'S
LATE AT NIGHT...
WAIT! ITS OWNER...
SEEMS TO BE
SIGNALLING TO
ME!



THAT EVENING...

YOU-YOU'VE NEVER
PAINTED ANYTHING
LIKE THAT BEFORE!

I'LL SEND IT OFF TO
THAT HORROR MAGAZINE-
SEE IF THEY'D CONSIDER
USING IT AS A FRONT
COVER...

AND FIVE DAYS LATER...

THEY'VE ACCEPTED IT!
A CHECK FOR £350!
THE FIRST TIME ANYONE'S
EVER BOUGHT ONE OF
MY PICTURES!

I MUST ADMIT-
THAT PICTURE MAY
HAVE BEEN GROTESQUE,
BUT IT WAS GOOD.

BUT TO VERA'S DISMAY...

HENRY! WE'RE NOT
TAKING THAT UGLY
THING WITH US!
YOU MUST BE MAD!

IT'S ONLY RIGHT,
VERA! AFTER ALL,
WITHOUT HIM
THERE WOULD BE
NOTHING TO
CELEBRATE!

I TOLD YOU THAT
LUCKY MASCOOT
WOULD BRING
ME SUCCESS!

LET'S GO OUT AND
CELEBRATE! LET'S
GO TO THE THEATRE...
TO THAT NEW MUSICAL
THAT'S JUST OPENED!

NEXT DAY,
HENRY GETS
BACK TO HIS
STUDY...

NOW THEN, MASCOOT-
LET'S SEE WHAT WE
CAN COME UP WITH
THIS TIME!

WHY DID YOU HAVE
TO BRING THAT THING,
HENRY? IT'S
EMBARRASSING!

AND...



A FEW DAYS AFTERWARDS...

VERA - A CHEQUE FOR £800! THE PUBLISHING FIRM I SENT THE PAINTING TO HAVE ACCEPTED IT - THEY WANT TO USE IT AS THE FRONT COVER FOR A NEW BOOK ON THE SUPERNATURAL THAT THEY'RE PRINTING!



AS THE DAYS GO BY MORE PAINTINGS APPEAR...



AND SO...



HE DOES!



AND THE MORE SUCCESSFUL HENRY BECOMES, THE MORE HE INSISTS ON THE MASCOT JOINING THEM...



UNTIL...



VERA FAINTS WITH SHOCK AT WHAT SHE HAS WITNESSED...



VERA STORMS INTO HENRY'S STUDY...



SURPRISED, BUT NOT AS SURPRISED AS VERA, LIKE HENRY SAID - HE OYED ALL HIS SUCCESS TO THE BEAR!



ABSOLUTE NIGHTMARE

RUPERT HEADLY IS
GOING ABOUT HIS
DAILY BUSINESS...



EVER HEARD OF "THE GREATEST
GHOST TRAIN IN THE WORLD"?
YOU'LL FIND IT IN THIS CREEPY
TALK...

WHAT'S THAT, MR.
CUTHBERTSON... YOU
REFUSE TO SELL
ME YOUR SHARES
IN THE ACME
CORPORATION?

A FEW OF MY
DEFECTIVES HAVE
BEEN DOING A
LITTLE WORK ON YOU,
MR. CUTHBERTSON...
THEY'VE DISCOVERED
A LITTLE FRAUD
SCANDAL IN YOUR
PAST. FROM NOW ON
YOUR REPUTATION
WOULD BE RUINED
IF IT GOT OUT.



8-BUT THAT WAS
YEARS AGO. WHEN
I WAS YOUNG AND
FOOLISH. I'D BE
FINISHED IF IT GOT
OUT. ALL RIGHT,
HEADLY - YOU WIN -
YOU CAN HAVE MY
SHARES. AND I HOPE
YOU CHOKED ON THEM!

NICE DOING BUSINESS
WITH YOU, MR.
CUTHBERTSON - GOODBYE!



MISS PRINGLE,
COULD YOU SEND
MR. RAYMOND
IN, PLEASE?

AND...

MR. RAYMOND, IT'S NOTHING
PERSONAL. IT'S JUST THAT
I'VE SEEN TO MUCH NEW
BLOOD INTO THE FIRM. SO
A LOT OF OUR OLDER WORKERS
HAVE TO BE REPLACED BY
YOUNGER ONES...



Y. YOU'RE DISMISSING
ME? 8-BUT MY WORK
HERE HAS BEEN IMMAGINATE!
I'VE WORKED HERE ALL
MY LIFE. HAVE PITY!



PITY DOESN'T ENTER INTO IT,
RAYMOND - THIS IS BUSINESS!
YOU'LL BE GIVEN SIX WEEKS
PAY...

AND WHEN THAT RUNS
OUT? IT WON'T BE
EASY FOR SOMEBODY
MY AGE TO GET A NEW
JOB. I'VE GOT A WIFE
AND FOUR CHILDREN
TO FEED. HOW CAN
YOU?



CURSE YOU, RUPERT HEADLY!
I CURSE YOU SO THAT YOU
WILL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER
PEACEFUL NIGHT'S SLEEP
IN YOUR LIFE!

THAT NIGHT,
AT HOME...

TIME IS MONEY, RAYMOND.
I CAN'T AFFORD TO WASTE
ANY MORE ON YOU! GET
OUT BEFORE I HAVE YOU
THROWN OUT!

NEVER HAVE ANOTHER
PEACEFUL NIGHT'S SLEEP
IN MY LIFE! HA! HA!
NIGHT PEACEFULLY
JOY GUILT YEAH! EVERY
LOVE LOVE LOVE MY
LOVE THE POWER MY MONEY
GIVES ME OVER OTHER PEOPLE...

RUPERT HEADLY
BEGINS TO DREAM...

I LOVE HOLDING PARTIES FOR PEOPLE WHO
WORK AT MY FIRM—EVERYBODY'S TO
DESPERATE TO FLATTER ME—JUST A
MINUTE OVER THERE! THAT'S RAYMOND!
WHO INVITED HIM? I ONLY JUST
FIRED HIM!

THIS IS A CRACKER.
"MAGIC SPELL TO INVOLVE
THE MIGHTY HOGGUTH"
IT SAYS HERE! HAW!
HAW! IT GIVES THE WORDS
TO RECITE!

MARVELLOUS
PARTY, RUPERT!
I SAY, WHAT'S
THIS BOOK?
ANCIENT
CHARMS AND
MAGIC SPELLS!

I'VE NEVER
SEEN THAT BOOK
BEFORE! PERHAPS
RAYMOND PUT
IT THERE...

ZARUTH... RAZARUTH...
AGATOS... RARATHU...

I CONJURE THE MIGHTY
HOGGUTH WITH THESE
ENCHANTED WORDS...

UH... WHAT'S
HAPPENING?
SMOKE SWIRLING
ROUND ME...

HOOOOUTH, COME TO US NOW! FROM
THE INFERNAL DIMENSION
WHERE YOU RULE...

NO, S-S-STOP
READING
IT OUT...

WHO DARES TO SUMMON
THE MIGHTY HOOOOUTH?
YOU WILL ALL PERISH
FOR YOUR NERVE!

AAAAH!

HEARDY WAKES FROM
HIS NIGHTMARE!

PHW! IT WAS JUST
J-JUST A DREAM!
MORNING ALREADY!
SATURDAY MORNING!
I-I THINK I'LL GO
FOR A SHORT WALK
TO RECOVER!

HMM, I DON'T REMEMBER A
FAIRGROUND BEING SET UP
SO CLOSE TO MY HOUSE BEFORE!
I MUST REMEMBER TO COMPLAIN
TO THE AUTHORITIES.

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR,
STEP RIGHT UP, SIR-BE THE
FIRST PERSON TO TRY OUT
OUR NEW GHOST TRAIN-
THE GREATEST GHOST TRAIN
IN THE WORLD!

COME ALONG, SIR-
A FREE RIDE
JUST FOR YOU!

WILL YOU GET
YOUR HANDS
OFF ME? I'M
NOT INTERESTED
IN THIS SORT
OF THING!

HOW ON EARTH
DID I GET INTO
THIS?

SUDDENLY

THE CAR'S STOPPED!
MUST BE BROKEN!
I SAY, 'HELP.'
GET ME OUT OF HERE!

WELCOME, MR. HEADLY- TO THE
GREATEST GHOST
TRAIN IN THE
WORLD! AND
THE REASON IT'S
THE GREATEST...

ISSUES
BECAUSE

ALL THE GHOSTS
ARE REAL!

HELP ME!
SOMEBODY!
HELP ME!

WH-WHAT A SHOCK! I THOUGHT
I WAS AWAKE- BUT IT WAS
JUST A SECOND NIGHTMARE!
RAYMOND CURSED ME, SAID I'D
NEVER HAVE A PEACEFUL NIGHT'S
SLEEP AGAIN...

NO, THAT'S JUST NONSENSE...
JUST SHEER PRESSURE OF
WORK... I NEED TO TAKE
A BREAK, A PEACEFUL
HOLIDAY!

AND SO
HE DOES...

YES, THIS IS THE LIFE...
A NICE PEACEFUL
FISHING WEEKEND!
I CERTAINLY WON'T
HAVE ANY NIGHTMARES
TONIGHT! HMM, I HOPE
I GET A BITE SOON...

FOR A MOMENT IT SEEMS
AS THOUGH HEADLY REALLY
IS GOING TO GET A BITE-
FROM THE FANGS OF A
LAKE CREATURE...

SOMETHING
TUGGING AT
MY LINE,
I'VE GOT A
BITE! FEELS
LIKE
SOMETHING
BIG...

A-A MONSTER,
AND IT'S COMING
FOR ME!

Then



TH-TH- THE FISHING HOLIDAY!
IT WAS A-ANOTHER NIGHTMARE!
RAYMOND REALLY HAS CURSED
ME-I DON'T KNOW WHETHER
I'M AWAKE OR DREAMING
ANY MORE...

A SERIOUS AND DISTURBING
SITUATION, SO HEADLY PAYS
TO HAVE SESSIONS WITH...

ONE OF THE MOST EXPENSIVE
PSYCHIATRISTS IN LONDON.
THAT'S MY PROBLEM, DOCTOR-
TORTURED SLEEP! THE MAN
I PIRED CURSED ME AND HIS
CURSE SEEMS TO BE WORKING!



MR. HEADLY, THE REAL REASON
FOR YOUR NIGHTMARES IS THAT
SUBCONSCIOUSLY YOU FEEL
TREMENDOUSLY GUILTY BECAUSE
YOU'RE SUCH A RUTHLESS AND
UNEARING BUSINESSMAN!

THE BEST THING YOU
COULD DO WOULD BE
TO GIVE THIS MAN HIS
JOB BACK- TO EASE
YOUR FEELINGS OF
GUILT!



GUILTY? GUILTY? I LIKE FIRING PEOPLE! I
LIKE MAKING OTHER MEN DRINK!
GUILTY? I PAID YOU A FORTUNE AND
YOU TALK RUBBISH! ALL YOU
PSYCHIATRISTS... YOU'RE ALL MONEY-
GRABBING BLOODSUCKERS! YOU'RE
BLOODSUCKERS, THE LOT OF YOU!

AS A MATTER
OF FACT, MR
HEADLY-YOU'RE
RIGHT IN MY
CASE...

I AM A BLOODSUCKER!
HA HA HAARGH!



HE-HE'S A
VAMPIRE!



A VA- A VA- GASP! I'M IN BED!
THAT WAS ANOTHER NIGHTMARE!
I CAN'T TELL WHETHER I'M AWAKE
OR DREAMING! I MIGHT BE
ASLEEP NOW...

HEADLY LEAVES THE HOUSE
TO GET SOME FRESH AIR...



NO POINT GETTING DRESSED-
AFTER ALL, THIS MUST BE
ANOTHER NIGHTMARE AND
NO-ONE CARES WHAT YOU
LOOK LIKE IN YOUR DREAMS!



RUN? WHY? THIS IS ONLY ANOTHER NIGHTMARE! SO YOU HATE ME, RAYMOND? I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME... I KNOW THAT I'M TRAPPED IN A SERIES OF RECURRING DREAMS—AND I'M NOT SCARED ANY MORE!



YES, I SAW IT FROM MY WINDOW. HE—HE WAS JUST WEARING PYJAMAS, WALKING DOWN THE STREET. HE SAW THE LION AND WALKED OVER TO IT, AS THOUGH HE WAS TRYING TO EMBRACE IT.

THE POOR FELLOW MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY! WHAT OTHER EXPLANATION CAN THERE BE?

THIS TIME HEARDLY WASN'T ASLEEP—THE LION WAS VERY MUCH ALIVE AND HAD ESCAPED FROM THE LOCAL ZOO, SO RAYMOND HAD HIS REVENGE.



SCREAM!

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SPINECHILLERS

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